LOVE'S MEETING.

ve, who met me on the way,
ssed life's winter into May,
d through hills of icy snow
ight I saw the violets blow.
ile, through clouds of stormy frown,
eamed the splendid sunlight down-
d I heard not Love's sweet words
r the singing of the birds!

ove, who met me on the way,
r my feet in violets lay:
ever snow upon a hill
eamed as cold, as white, as still!
d from heavens of bending grace,
eamed the sunlight on his face:
d I heard not Love's sweet words
r the singing of the birds!

rank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

DISENCHANTED.

BY A. H. HOLDEN.

THE path looked cool and pleasant as it followed the course of the little stream, which in the ancient days of its might had cleft the towering hills asunder and thundered down the rock like a giant water-sprite. e yellow sunlight flickered down rough the interlacing branches of e huge old trees, its intense heat mpered somewhat by that cool con . Farther down, the ravine idened and finally lost itself in level rming lands, through which the brook owed gently, watering the flocks and rds of the honest farmer-folk of this rifty Dunker settlement. The farm uses were mostly of the same yle; plain, wooden, two-storied ructures, with wide porches running ross the fronts and shaded by locust ees.

A young girl passed down the steps the house nearest to the mouth of e ravine, and sauntered up the path. s she entered its shady recesses she ushed back her stiff pasteboard tun of a sunbonnet from her sweet, ire face. There was a faint trace of re in her innocent blue eyes. Her axen hair was manifestly in rebellion ainst her convictions as to what as right and decorous for one of her ligious belief, and many a riotous tle curl broke out of its confining onds. Soon she began to sing, with weet but somewhat nasal tone, in un nscious imitation of Brother Israel, ho led the singing in the brick meet g-house at the cross-roads, the fa iliar hymn:

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it fail and die."

Rebecca Kinsey's voice modulated a faint thread of melody. as she ught a glimpse of a young man high on the cliff on the opposite side of e creek, moving in and out among e bushes. Suddenly she was brought ck to earth by a voice almost over r head, calling out excitedly, Hello, Thorndyke, I've found the nest specimen of—" and a young an, with a tin herbarium strapped to s waist, came tumbling down the cks at Rebecca's feet. Evidently as turned to accost his friend, the one upon which his weight rested d given way. He lay across the th, pale and motionless.

Thorndyke climbed quickly down e rocks, cleared the brook with a ound, and was at his friend's side as e gave a faint gasp and slowly opened s eyes. Rebecca dipped her hand rchief in the water and bathed his llid face. Thorndyke poured some andy from his pocket flask, and ting his friend's head gave him to ink.

"Well, how are you now, Damond?" quired he.

"All right, I guess," answered Da ond, faintly; then he attempted to se. "I can't do it," he added. Something's the matter with my left kle and right arm."

"How we are ever to get out of this don't see," said Thorndyke. "You n't walk a step, and it's a mile down eam where this gorge ends."

"I think," said Rebecca, "I can help m. Jest a few steps further on is a th up the rocks 'most as easy as go g up stairs. I am strong, and I can one side of him and you the other," e continued, addressing Thorndyke nd indicating the injured man with r little brown hand.

"Is there any house near?" asked orndyke.

"Yes," responded Rebecca, "Aunt sy Rinehart lives right at the top of e cliff. She's real handy about sick ss."

Damond was in too much pain to be riously embarrassed by receiving as stance from this rustic beauty, as th much difficulty they toiled up the ugh stairway.

Aunt Susy surveyed the singular oking party, as they emerged from e gorge, with wide-eyed astonish ent.

"Why! bless your soul! bring him ght in the house," was her hospitable eeting. "The doctor's jest making a sit over on the next farm. We'll get m here right away."

An hour later the bustle had sub ded and Damond was lying, quiet nd comfortable, listening to the con ersation going on between Aunt Susy nd Rebecca.

"I come over to tell you," said Rebecca, "that Sister Rachel Miller's wuss and has been an'inted for death, and they want you to come over. Mother's been there 'most all day and I jest got home as I started here."

"I reckon I can go," replied Aunt Susy, "if you'll stay while I'm gone and kind o' get things started for supper. I've got a quilt goin' in the settin'-room, and it won't be handy to have about, and I wish you'd come over for a few days and help finish it up. The doctor says this young man must stay here a couple of weeks, and I ain't sorry. I've got tired runnin in a rut. The same old things over and over again. I thought I'd change it a little this mornin' and get my own breakfast first, but, law! old Brindle bawled so I jest gave up."

"By Jove!" fumed Fred Damond, two weeks after his accident, "I suppose I looked like a fool lying there sprawled out at that pretty girl's feet, to say nothing of clattering down those rocks like a tin peddler's cart coming to grief."

"Yes," replied Thorndyke, "you did look ridiculous, I solemnly assure you. There was a dab of mud on the end of your nose and your coat was split down the back. And now let me tell you—I'll be hanged if I don't think you're shamming a good deal for an excuse to stay here and play your old tricks! Why can't you let that girl alone? Do you think I didn't see you the other day, when you had her put some withered, worthless specimens in a press, get your head so close to hers that your Hyperion curls actually touched her cheek? and you kept putting your big hand close to hers to help, as you called it."

"Well, what's a fellow to do? I'm all banged up," complained Damond, "and I've got to amuse myself some way. What lovely red lips she has," continuined he, brightening, "and how can they speak such atrocious English?"

"I've got to leave here," said Thorndyke, gloomily, as he folded up a letter. "If I had as much money as you have I'd stay here and watch you, and see after that poor little moth. You'd better get away from here just as quick as you can; if you stay much longer I'll write to your mother, if she is on the other side of the pond. Anyhow, I'll give Julia Deven a hint, and she'll come flying here and stop all your nonsense."

The days lengthened into weeks. Damond had no longer a good excuse for lingering; his ankle was well and he often forgot to carry his arm in the sling he ostentatiously retained, but he declared it was an excellent region for botanizing, and so he strolled up and down the gorge two or three times a day with his herbarium, which he seldom opened, spending most of his time at the Kinsey farm-house, watching Rebecca as she busied herself with her homely duties. In the evenings he sat with Rebecca on the porch or under the locust trees, in the moonlight, while he talked of the gay world she had never seen, and sang love songs, somewhat out of tune to be sure, that he had sung to many another maiden. On Sundays he punctually made his appearance at the meeting-house and gazed at the rows of sweet, mild-faced women in their immaculate lawn caps and neckerchiefs.

Many remonstrating letters came from Thorndyke, and anxious ones from his mother, proposing to sail for home if he were not soon able to return to the city, and Miss Deven, his fiancee, assailed him with tender, sympathetic missives, and even suggested coming to him with a chaperon and the family physician.

The great magician, Love, had cast his spell over Rebecca. She breathed enchanted air. When she roused herself to consider the situation practically she saw only one ending, and that was marriage with her city lover, and so a poor little letter written by brother Israel's son, offering his "hand and heart," remained unanswered and almost forgotten.

Damond took no thought of the morrow. He knew that all this must soon come to an end. How could he precipitate the crisis? It came sooner than he thought. One day a letter came from Miss Deven, proposing that he should join her, with a party of friends, at the Springs, a favorite watering-place not far away, or if he were not able to do so, Julia and her mother would spend a few weeks at the nearest hotel in order to be with him as much as possible.

Some hours later Aunt Susy proceeded to relieve her mind.

"I want to know," queried she, "if you're triflin' with that girl! She's as good as you are, to say the least, and her father owns two of the finest farms about here, and Becky's the only child."

"Trifling!" exclaimed Damond, reddening, "I don't know what you mean."

"I'm going out to milk," snapped Aunt Susy, "and you can jest study over it while I'm gone."

Damond resisted an almost overpowering impulse to pay his usual evening visit to Rebecca; he resolutely set about packing up his belongings, and for fear his courage would fail he sent a telegram to Miss Deven stating that he would meet her at the Springs.

Poor Rebecca sat on the porch alone, watching and waiting for her recreant lover. Sometimes as the shadows shifted she thought she saw him emerge from the ravine, and her heart would give a glad bound. Never was the witchery of the moonlight so strong, never was the music of the evening breeze so sweet. Rebecca sat until the moon went down and the clouds gathered over the stars. The song of the night wind changed to a wail that found echo in her heart, and by and by the storm burst in all its fury. With sinking heart she gave him up and went sadly to her room.

Damond promised himself one more stroll through the ravine with Rebecca. Certainly he must bid her good-bye; even Aunt Susy could not object to that.

"I am going away this afternoon," said Damond, as he and Rebecca were taking their last walk together.

Rebecca gave a little start at this unexpected announcement and dropped the bonnet that she was swinging by the strings. As Damond stooped to pick it up the picture of Miss Deven, which he had repentantly returned to its accustomed place in his pocket, fell out in full view.

"Now or never," thought he, and then, bracing himself, he said, in answer to Rebecca's inquiring glance, "this is the lady I have promised to marry."

Rebecca smothered a gasp. A late wild rose, the last one, hung a little way up the bank and she turned away, reaching upward to pluck it. It gave her a moment in which to recover herself. Her womanly pride came to the rescue, and she rose to the occasion. As she turned again she said, calmly, "And I am to marry brother Israel's son."

This was a new phase of the matter. If any one else wanted this sweet wild flower, Damond wanted it more than ever, and he felt an overwhelming resentment toward "brother Israel's son." He took the rose from her cold and trembling hand with a hand as cold and unsteady, and folding it it an envelope put it in his pocket next his heart. He stood silent a few moments! How unlike those beautiful eyes were to Julia's small, piercing, black orbs, that wealth of rippling yellow hair to Julia scanty frizzed locks. In a moment of delirium he thought to break his engagement with Julia and take this fair girl to be his wife, and then the absurdity of it all appeared. How out of place she would look in his mother's drawing-room! How his friends would ridicule him, while she would be only a target for the small wits of his set! He could not protect her from the annoyances of a false position, and persuading himself that he loved her too well to bring her into an uncongenial atmosphere, he put the mad dream aside. He took her hand. "Good-bye," he faltered—and then he folded her close to his heart—"Oh, my darling! I could not help loving you, but I never meant to tell you so. Forgive me, oh, forgive me! I could not help speaking, but I have promised to marry this lady and I cannot break my word."

He had chosen his words well. Poor little Rebecca could not understand how wide was the social gulf which lay between them, but she could comprehend a moral obligation. To her a promise was sacred.

"Give me a kiss of forgiveness," he implored, with a voice choked with emotion. And there in the gorge where first they met, these two fond, foolish young lovers wept and parted.

Ten years after Damond, then a grave family man, went through the market followed by a servant carrying a large basket. He paused at a stand of country produce. There were rolls of golden butter, baskets of snowy eggs, jars of limpid honey, and rows of plump dressed poultry. There was something familiar in the face of the attending Dunker woman, and in the sound of her voice as he inquired the price of her commodities, and it was not long before memory established the connection. It was Rebecca, grown stout and commonplace. She had a comfortable double chin, and the once glorious eyes looked out over ruddy masses of flesh. Her hair had grown coarser and darker and the ripples had almost yielded to the compulsion of rigorous bindings. A cheerful, long-haired, broad-shouldered man assisted about the stand and occasionally addressed her affectionately as "Becky." Damond filled his basket with purchases while memory was busy with the past. Time, the great disenchanter, had done his work well. No gleam of recognition lit Rebecca's eyes; no sorrowful memory disturbed her placid features. Clearly, her contented soul was no longer oppressed with sorrowful recollections, and with a sigh for the old enchanted days, Damond turned away.—Worthington's Magazine.

Ancient Preservation of the Dead.

Herodotus gives a good description of the manner in which the early Ethiopians preserved their dead. Having thoroughly dried the corpse, they plastered it over with a paste made of gypsum and then painted the face and exposed parts so as to make them look as natural as possible. Dead bodies served in this manner remained intact for hundreds of years.—Detroit Free Press.

ALASKA A FAMINE LAND.

THE FOOD SOURCES OF THE ESKIMOS DESTROYED.

An Effort to Save the Starving by Domesticating the Asian Reindeer —Small Herds for Each Family.

FOR some years the Indians and Eskimos in the northern half of this continent have lived most precariously. Their usual food resources have repeatedly failed them. They have been reduced to extreme destitution, and many have perished of starvation. One year or another famine has afflicted the entire inhabited region from Labrador to Alaska.

Little as we know of the history of the Eskimos on the American mainland, it is certain that thousands formerly lived where hundreds are now found. Captain French, an experienced pilot along the Labrador coast, says there is now only one Eskimo where twenty used to live. Years ago the Indians killed many of them, and they have been gradually diminishing ever since on account of the growing scarcity of seal, fish, birds and other game, and also because of their contact with civilization, their close winter houses inducing consumption and other diseases.

The condition of these few thousands of people on the islands and along the coasts of Alaska appeals all the more to our sympathy because their sources of food have been destroyed by the industries of white men.

Right across the narrow sea from Alaska, on the shores of Asia, and extending some ways into the interior, live hardy, active and well-fed tribes, allied to the Eskimos of our continent, who own tens of thousands of domestic reindeer. The flesh and skins of these animals supply them with food, shelter and clothing. As far as their own people are concerned, they do not know what starvation means. During the past two years the matter has been well looked into, and it has been found that there is no reason why the domesticated reindeer should not thrive in Alaska and further east. Indeed, there seems to be no reason why these animals should not be a source of wealth and security to the natives clear across the northern part of this continent. On the shores of Alaska, and further inland, the mosses and grasses thrive on which these animals live in Asia.

The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, our general agent of education in Alaska, had the honor of suggesting the importation of domesticated reindeer. A considerable sum of money contributed by the public in 1891 and a grant of $15,000 from the Government in 1892 enabled Mr. Sheldon, with the assistance of Captain Healy and the revenue cutter Bear, to try the experiment. It is now so far advanced that its success, as far as the practicability of raising reindeer in Alaska is concerned, is assured. Mr. Sheldon's report on the work has been printed by the Government, and the facts given here are taken from it.

It was objected to the work at the outset that though the natives of Siberia would kill their deer and sell the meat, they would not sell live animals. In Kennan's book he says that in the two and a half years he spent in Siberia not one of his parties was ever able to buy from the Koraks and Tchuctchees a single living reindeer. It was also said that the animals would not bear transportation across the sea. The work of 1891 was planned on a small scale, to test the correctness of these assumptions.

It was found that the natives would sell reindeer, though it took days of palaver to overcome their reluctance to part with live animals. Sixteen were finally purchased. They were kept on shipboard for over three weeks, passed through a severe gale, and were finally landed in good condition at Unalaska, after a sea voyage of over 1000 miles. It was thus proven that they could be transported on shipboard as easily and safely as other domestic cattle. The reindeer thrived during the winter at Unalaska, and by spring two additions had been made to the herd.

In the summer of 1892 operations were much enlarged, in view of the success of the preliminary experiments and with the aid of the Government grant. A herd of 175 selected animals was purchased in Siberia and landed at Port Clarence, on the Alaskan coast. This point was selected for the reindeer station because it is the nearest good harbor to Siberia, and because it is a central point from which the animals may easily be distributed.

Four Siberians who are well acquainted with the management of reindeer were taken to Port Clarence and placed in charge of the herd. Under their direction a few Alaskan Eskimos are learning the care and management of reindeer. The intention is from year to year to increase the number of Eskimo apprentices to the herders. The Eskimos who are learning the business are all young men. As soon as each of them has demonstrated his capacity and learned the business a small herd will be given to him as a start in life. From year to year the number of these native herders will be increased, and some of them will be set up in business as herders on their own account, and in this way the herds will naturally become more and more distributed throughout the country, until at last they overspread the entire northern region as the northeastern corners of Siberia and Lapland are now covered. There is no doubt that practically the whole of Alaska is good grazing ground for reindeer.

The importation of reindeer is no longer an experiment. The practicability and advantages of the enterprise have been demonstrated, and it will be a great thing for Alaska when the herding of reindeer is firmly established there on a large scale. The natives will have a permanent, regular and abundant supply of food, and with more generous nourishment, the population is likely to increase in numbers. Then a change from the condition of hunters to that of herders will be a distinct advance for the Eskimos in the scale of civilization. Reindeer easily travel 100 miles a day, and their introduction will help to solve the question of Alaskan transportation.

A new and profitable industry will also be added to the country. Reindeer skins are marketed all over Europe and are worth in their raw condition from $1.50 to $1.75 apiece. The tanned skins (soft, with a beautiful yellow color) find a ready sale in Sweden at from $2 to $2.75 each. Reindeer skins are used for gloves, military riding trousers, and the binding of books. Reindeer hair is in great demand, and from reindeer horns is made the best glue. Smoked reindeer tongues and tanned skins are among the principal products of the great annual fair at Nijni Novgorod, Russia. In Lapland there are about 400,000 head of reindeer, sustaining in comfort some 26,000 people. Mr. Sheldon says there is no reason, considering the greater area of the country and the abundance of reindeer moss, why arctic and subarctic Alaska should not sustain a population of 100,000 people with 200,000 head of reindeer.

The work is prosecuted, with the aid of Congress, and it is expected that before many years the industry will be self-supporting.—New Orleans Picayune.

WISE WORDS.

Those who offer wares invite rebuff.

Stopping a small leak will not save a sinking vessel.

Hobbies are the most uncomfortable of all beasts to ride.

One is apt to undervalue what he has valued overmuch.

There is one body who is wiser than anybody and that is everybody.

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.

The influences that go into us in boyhood fashion the experiences that we go into in manhood.

It is a mistake to suppose that men succeed through success; they much oftener succeed through failure.

When a woman would see brightness where she suspects may be a blur she wears a silver-shining veil before her eyes.

Open biographical volumes where you will, and the man who has no faith in religion has faith in the nightmare and in ghosts.

The foot that treads on the adder shall be stung; the hand that is stretched forth with a rod instead of a sceptre shall be cut off.

Sympathy with the human comedy may be less easy to assure than is patience to acquire, but a generous measure of the one may make the other less necessary.

A journalist is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of Nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

Many mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse, when the moods themselves are the most inexcusable things of all. A man or woman in tolerable health has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood.

Temper at the Breakfast Table.

"Many persons afflicted with a peculiar derangement of the digestive organs are seized with an almost uncontrollable irritability as soon as they sit down to eat, more particularly at the breakfast table," remarked an experienced Arch street physician. "This is caused by a premature secretion of the gastric juice, due to a too vivid anticipation of food. To avoid possible insanity, such persons require careful medical treatment. I once attended a young lady professionally whose rather stern father was so often obliged to send her away from the table for unreasonable bursts of temper that he grew suspicious of h sanity and caused her to be watch It appeared that as soon as she re her room she seized a pair of s opened a trunk and, drawir roll of ribbon, procede into small bits. The tru full of such snippings, membered that she purchasing ribbon such manifestatio ing her for dys Record.